Save Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1249429.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandom:	Hetalia: Axis Powers
Relationships:	Germany (Hetalia)/North Italy (Hetalia), Friendship - Relationship, Holy Roman Empire (Hetalia)/North Italy (Hetalia), South Italy (Hetalia)/Spain (Hetalia), America (Hetalia)/England (Hetalia)
Characters:	Germany (Hetalia: Axis Powers), North Italy (Hetalia: Axis Powers), South Italy (Hetalia: Axis Powers), Japan (Hetalia: Axis Powers), America (Hetalia: Axis Powers), France (Hetalia: Axis Powers), Austria (Hetalia: Axis Powers), Prussia (Hetalia: Axis Powers), England (Hetalia: Axis Powers), China (Hetalia: Axis Powers), Hungary (Hetalia: Axis Powers), Spain (Hetalia: Axis Powers)
Additional Tags:	Cutting, Self-Harm, Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Friendship, Comfort/Angst, Shounen-ai, Angst and Humor, Friendship/Love, Developing Friendships, Character Bonding, Bonding, Romance, Recovery
Language:	English
Collections:	Anonymous List 012
Stats:	Published: 2014-02-28 Completed: 2014-05-11 Words: 15,579 Chapters: 18/18

Save Me

by karinakamichi

Summary

As Italy struggles with his feelings for Germany, and his promise to Holy Roman Empire, he begins cutting as an out lit to deal with the pain. Even though he knows what he's doing isn't good for him, it's all he can think to do. Will he be able to recover, and stand on his own two feet as a nation again? Or will he just slip through the cracks. Soft GerIta, and other pairings may occur. First Shounen-ai fanfic ever. Please Review.

Bleeding it Out

Story: ***Save me, Chapter 1 - Bleeding it Out***

Summary: As ***Italy struggles with his feelings for Germany, and his promise to Holy Roman Empire, he begins cutting as an out lit to deal with the pain. Even though he knows what he's doing isn't good for him, it's all he can think to do. Will he be able to recover, and stand on his own two feet as a nation again? Or will he be left, barely slipping through the cracks?***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia...***

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Blood had dripped in the bathtub, crimson liquid staining the once clean water below.

One cut for being so weak.

Two cuts for being such a coward

Three cuts for-

Italy turned his gaze when he heard a knock on the bathroom door. Tightly clutching the knife in his hand, he sighed. Thankfully, he'd locked the door after himself, so no one could walk in on him and see what he was doing to himself. No one could ever find out about this. He knew it wasn't healthy, but it was the only thing that helped ease the pain, at least a little.

"Veneziano! What's taking you so long in there?! Hurry up, bastardo, and don't waste all the damn water!" came a voice from outside the door, somewhat muffled by the splashing of the shower.

Romano.

"R-Romano! ~Ve, I'll be out in a bit!" he said, putting on a fake smile, before it faded as he looked down at the bloody water then at his once soft flesh, which was now covered in pink scars, and cuts big and small, old and new. He recalled when first started doing this. It'd been about three month ago. He was out running some errands for Germany, And was practically on the verge of breaking down, when he passed by a knife. At that point, the idea just kind of came mind. He knew it wouldn't kill him, as nations couldn't die, but it was a good outlet. Why was he doing this, you may ask? He was weak. He was a coward. Even though he tried his best, he was constantly getting himself into trouble, and it caused Germany to have to rescue him. It would be one thing if it happened to once or twice, or even three times, but this practically every other day.

Three cuts, for wasting Germany's time.

Four cuts for being a burden to everyone.

Five cuts for not even being able to wait as he'd promised...

At this point, tears were freely streaming down his face, mixing in with the droplets of water below. *'Promise you'll wait for me.'* Holy Roman Empire had said to him, before he left and never returned. It was very painful, but to add to that, Germany reminded him so much of *him* that it wasn't even funny, because every time he looked at Germany, he couldn't see Germany, as he always saw Holy Rome, instead.

Another cut...

Why did Germany have to share such a resemblance to the Holy Roman Empire? Why did he have to have those same blue eyes as him? The same blond hair? The same...everything...? Even their personalities were kind of similar...

Either way he looked at it, he knew Germany was Germany, and Holy Rome was Holy Rome. There was nothing that would change that. Anyway, he'd promised that he'd wait, and his commitment to Holy Roman Empire was absolute.

After a while, he pulled the plug in the bathtub, allowing the reddish water to drain, before he grabbed a large towel, drying himself off. He made sure to avoid to wiping the blood on his arm with the towel. If there was any blood on the towels, not only would Romano be irritated that his white towel was stained with blood, but he would also question *why* there was blood stains. What could he say, then? He never could understand what Romano was thinking, so he knew it was best to avoid irritating him.

He grabbed a paper towel, blotting up the blood and moisture on his arm. Afterward, he grabbed some bandage wrap from the medicine cabinet, covering up his wounds.

After slipping on his normal work clothes, and cleaning up after himself, he grabbed the knife that was still in the bathtub, washing it off under the sink. He then slipped it into one of his pockets, unlocking the door.

"Finally, Dammit!" growled Romano, as Italy stepped out. They briefly met each others eyes, before Italy left the room. Romano didn't know if it was just him, but Italy had seemed...different lately. He looked as if he was getting paler and paler every day.

Not that he would admit that he cared.

~ End of Chapter

A/N: What did you think? Good? Bad? Please Review. ^^

Lies

Story: Save Me, Chapter 2 - Lies
Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia

Germany vain pulsed in annoyance. Italy was late yet again. Why couldn't he just show up on time like Japan? What was so hard about that?

"Where could he be at?" he mused, seeing as the Pasta-loving nation had not arrived yet.

"I do wonder, myself." Japan replied, receiving a grunt from Germany. Right as he started to debate whether or not to head out to find him *himself,* a shout from off in the distance stopped him from doing so.

"Germany! Japan!" Germany and Japan looked up to see Italy quickly approaching them.

"Ve." Italy bent over, panting.

"You'd better have a good explanation as to why you're over an hour late, Italy." said Germany, his arms folded, as he towered over the small Italian.

"Si...Well, I um, well..." Italy fumbled through his words, knowing if he didn't come up with something very soon, they might see through his act. He smiled. "As I was coming here, there was a cute kitty that had got stuck in a tree. I decided to help, but it took forever to get it down."

"They *are* irresistible." shrugged Japan.

Germany sighed in defeat, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Very well... It does seem like a legitimate excuse, so I won't punish you this time. Let's just get to training."

"~Ve, Okay," Italy smiled, realizing only a moment later how out of character that actually was of him. Being Italy, he would've never just said, 'okay' to training without running off, and trying to ditch it. It was too late *now*, but he would have to be more careful from then on. After a moment of deep contemplation, Japan nodded, turning his gaze from Italy back to Germany. "Hai."

That day, Italy kept spacing out, only to be snapped back to reality by Germany.

"Pay attention, Italy." Germany had said. "You must focus on your training."

"Ve~ Sorry, Germany, I'm just so hungry. I can't stop thinking about Romano's pasta he made last night. It was so good~" he lied, giving his trademark lost-in-la-la-land face. No matter what, they couldn't know what he was really thinking about. He wanted to cut so bad that he couldn't stop thinking about it. *'Just a little longer, I have to wait it out.'* He anxiously began

scratching at his bandaged arm, suddenly noticing the looks he was receiving from his allies. He immediately stopped.

"Ve~ What's wrong? Why are you guys looking at me like that?" he smiled nervously. Germany sighed, yet again, as he looked away, then back over at Japan.

"Very well, since Italy is unable to continue, that will conclude our training for today."

"What are you talking about, Germany? I can continue." It's not that Italy wanted to train, but rather that he didn't Germany to see through his act, and recognize that he wasn't feeling okay. He didn't want them to worry about him; Germany, Japan, or Romano, or anyone for that matter. He didn't deserve *any* of their concern.,

"No, it's fine..." Germany nodded

Feliciano flinched as Ludwig grabbed his arm, slightly taking the German by surprise. Germany let go. He hadn't touched him that hard, had he?

"What's wrong with you today, Italy?" he questioned with worry. "You seem off, even for you."

Italy averted his gaze ever-so briefly, before looking back up.

"What do you mean? I'm perfectly fine." he beamed.

Germany wasn't fooled though. He stared at him, trying to think of what to say, if he *should* say something, but decided to let it go for the time being.

"Anyway, I'll see you guys later." said Italy, as he rushed off before they could say anything. Germany stepped forward, worryingly.

"Ita-" Japan held up a hand to stop him. Ludwig looked down to meet Kiku's eyes. "Japan..."

The Asian looked away. "I may not be the best in the world when it comes to this, but I can easily tell that Itary-kun is hiding something from us. Even so, I say it's best we wait a little while before approaching him."

"I guess you're right..." Germany reluctantly nodded, deciding to take Japan's advice, as he was usually right when it came to reading others. He, however couldn't help but wonder why Italy had got so tense when he'd grabbed his arm so softly. Japan was probably right though. It was best to let it go for now.

Meanwhile, with Italy...

'That was so close. Germany almost found out! This is bad, I have to be more careful...' the petite Italian, ran through the town as fast as his legs would go, as he held back tears. He wasn't even sure where he was going, and he didn't want to go home just yet, as letting his brother see him in this state of mind would only get him fussed at. Not only that, but it was a known fact that Romano strongly disliked Germany, and since he was the one who was

responsible for him at the moment, it would be Germany who Romano would blame if something were to happen to him.

And the last thing Italy wanted was for Germany to be blamed for something that he'd brought on himself. He felt so helpless and selfish as he remembered all the times Germany had come to running save him; all the times he was just completely useless. Germany was constantly covering for his screw-ups and mistakes, and what did he do? Just turn around and get himself in equal or greater trouble.

It wasn't until he suddenly bumped into America that he finally snapped out of his thoughts.

"Ouch... Sorry, I, um, guess I wasn't looking where I was..." America trailed off into silence, looking up. He then grinned. "Hey, dude, Italy, how's it going?!"

~ End of Chapter

A/N: ***What did you think? Plz Review.***

Wishing on a Star

Story: ***Save Me, Chapter 3 - Wishing on a Star***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia***

Romano was lying on the couch, on the verge of dozing off, when there was a sudden knock on the front door. At first, he made no attempt to move, but after hearing it again, he reluctantly got up.

"Hold your damn horses, I'm coming." he muttered, reaching up to the door knob, when he heard Italy's voice. That's when he realized how late it was. It was was already dark out.

"Where the fuck have you been?! Why are you so late?!" he demanded to know, trying to hide the fact that he was actually quite concerned.

"Ah, sorry, Romano. I was with America." Italy told him, faking a smile. For a brief second, Romano's eyes softened, before turning around, sighing. "Sorry I-"

"Whatever..." Romano interrupted. "Just get in, already..."

"S-Si..." Italy nodded, immediately making his way to the bathroom, leaving Romano slightly bemused, as he'd never seen his brother in such a rush before.

'What the hell's with him?' Unless he was running away, Italy was not the type to be so anxious. Then again, what did *he* know? He scoffed. "Idiot brother..."

'The same routine again...' thought Italy, giving a sad smile, as he grabbed the knife from in his pocket, contemplating his reflection in it's blade. He then unwrapped the bloodied bandage on his arm, throwing it away. Stepping into the shower, he thought back to earlier that day.

"Um, America?" America looked over at Italy, grinning.

"Hm? What is it?" he questioned.

Italy hesitated for a moment, looking down. "...If you fell in love with someone, then that person left and promised you they'd come back, but they never did. Should you keep waiting for that person? And what if you started falling in love with someone else? What would you do, then?"

America looked at him, slightly confused. "It's hard to say. Why do you ask?"

Italy smiled. "It's nothing, I'm just curious."

America studied his expression for a moment, before looking up at the sky. "It's hard to say... I would first ask myself if I really did love the first person, and if I did, I would then ask myself, 'If they loved me, wouldn't they just want me to happy?', and I would realize it was okay." America said, gazing back over at Italy.

"Ah, I see..." said Italy, smiling softly, as he looked away. "America, do you have someone you...love?"

"Well, you could say that..." America's trademark grin faded, as he thought it over. "I only want for that person to be happy, because they're very important to me. That's why, no matter what, I'll always try to be there for them as they will for me. We're nations, so we'll fight every now and then, but that doesn't mean we can't help each other, too."

America then looked at Italy, placing a hand on his shoulder. "I think you should do the same. If they really love you, they'll be there for you, and just as they'll play their part, you'll have to play your part in being there for them. And from personal experience, dude, I'm telling you this. If you ***want*** *them to be there for you, you have to* ***allow*** *them to be there for you."*

He smiled sadly, once again contemplating his reflection on the knife in his hand. He knew America was right, and it hurt just that much more, because he, *himself,* was the one who was at fault for this. He didn't *want* their help. If Germany, Romano, or anyone else were to find out what he was secretly doing to himself, they would probably be disappointed in him, he was certain.

Besides, Germany didn't like him like *that*. They were just friends, right? How *could* he like someone like *him*? He was just a coward, for one. He was weak, and had no talents, while Germany had everything. Strength, guts, power...

He felt so stupid, having such feelings for someone so much above his level. Still, he wanted so badly to be able to embrace Germany, and for him to want and feel the same as well. But that was just like *wishing on a star...*

~ End of Chapter

A/N: Sorry if America was kinda OOC in your opinion, but you have to admit that even he his moments... You may also notice that I used some references to HetaOni in this, and more to come. Of course, however though, this ISN'T a HetaOni fanfic. Anyway, review, if you'd be so kind. (^(..)^)

~Merci

Two is One

Story: Save Me, Chapter 4 - Two is One

Disclaimer: I don't own Bleach.

Romano stood at the bathroom door, his arms folded, as he pondered his brother's recent behaviors. He could easily tell that Italy was hiding something, but what? He used to not be the type to take showers even every other day, but there lately, he wouldn't rest until he had at least two showers a day. Aside from *that,* the faint smell of blood that lurked in the air every time after Italy took a shower only increased his suspicions. Not only that, but he'd also taken notice of the quick usage the bandages and bandage wrap, and how fast they had been going down.

It pissed him off, because there were so many other things on top on that, that could take all day; *all week*, to ponder. It wasn't until Italy stepped out, that he stepped in, to discover a few drops of blood on the carpet. It looked as though there was an attempt to scrub it up, but a small amount of it remained. Romano clenched his fists, letting his bangs fall in his eyes. He swore to himself that he would find out what the hell his little brother was trying to hide, even if he had *pry* it out of him. He had to admit (to himself) that he hated to see Italy acting like this, and since he was technically Italy as well, he could somewhat feel his suffering.

'This is bad...' thought Italy, stepping in his room, tears in his eyes. 'I got blood on the on the floor... What if Romano saw it? What if he asks about it? What should I say? What should I do? This is bad...'

Tears slowly made their way down his cheeks, and, though he tried desperately to hold them back, it only caused him to cry more.

About an hour passed by, when Romano called from the kitchen. "Hey, Veneziano, get in here! Dinners done!"

Italy remained silent and made no attempt to move. He wasn't really hungry at the time, even though he hadn't eaten in several days. In fact, to be honest, the thought of food was making him sick. He wondered if it had something to do with his cutting, and the loss of blood in his system.

"Hey, did you hear me?!" Romano called again, agitation present in his voice. "I said that dinners done!"

When he still didn't reply, he then heard footsteps as Romano approached his door. He immediately closed his eyes as if though he were asleep, hoping by any chance Romano would fall for it and leave him be. Unfortunately, for him, Romano wasn't fooled. He reached down, and happened to touch Italy's bandaged arm. Italy flinched at contact, considering how raw his skin now was in that area.

"Tell me, why are you doing this to yourself, dammit?!" Romano demanded. "Why are starving yourself?! You've haven't eaten in five days! What the hell do you think you're trying to accomplish?!"

After Italy said nothing, Romano sighed, irritably. "Veneziano, say my name."

Italy, was, to say the least, a little confused by what he'd just asked. Finally, he softly muttered, "...Ro-Romano."

"My *full* name."

"..."

"Well?"

"...Italy...Romano."

"Now say your name." Romano said, softer this time.

"Italy Veneziano..."

"You see, I'm Italy too, just like *you*, so don't you dare push me away, got it? We're both in this together. There's not a single feeling that you can feel, that I can't *understand.* "

"Hey, what are you-?" Romano started to say.

"Romano..." Italy said, before hugging him tightly, tears once again forming in his eyes. "Thank you for caring..."

'I'm sorry though, I just can't stop myself from having those thoughts and feelings. I want to stop so bad, for you, and Germany, and Japan, but I...'

A/N: What did you think? Please Review, even though Romano is somewhat OOC. Again, relish in HetaOni references :D I tried my best with his 'caring brother'-side.

Promises

Story: Save Me, Chapter 5 - Promises

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia.

Germany sat in his office, having been unable to focus on practically anything, except for the thoughts that kept making their way to his head. He couldn't even really call *that* focused. More like *wrapped up* in his own thoughts. He contemplated the incident from a week before, when his brother stepped in the room. He looked up.

"Prussia, why are you here?" he questioned. Prussia rose an eyebrow, scoffing.

"What the hell kind of greeting is that?!" Prussia retorted. "What, an awesome guy like me has to have a reason for coming to visit his little brother?! When I came all the way here just to see you, you should be little more grateful."

Germany would've normally put up some kind of argument about him coming so unexpectedly, but he didn't. Truth was, he wasn't in the mood for hardly anything, and he couldn't stop thinking about Italy, so much that it hurt.

"You're right, I'm sorry." he finally said. Prussia choked on his spit at his brother's out-of-character response. He stared at him, dumbfounded for a moment, before speaking his thoughts. Even a blind person could tell that Germany was not acting himself. "What the hell is wrong with you?!"

No reply. Germany said nothing.

"Hey, I was talking to you!" Prussia shouted, waving his hand hysterically in front of the other's face. "Aren't you even listening?!"

"I'm sorry, I seem to be distracted today." Germany admitted.

"Damn right!" Prussia remarked, before growing more serious. "So what that hell's been eating you? You've been acting weird all week!"

Germany got up, his eyes downcast, as he refused to look Prussia in the eye. An eerie silence settled between the two, for a moment. Germany then stepped back, looking out the window. "Prussia, can we please avoid this discussion?"

Prussia was silent for a moment before speaking again. "It's Ita isn't it?"

Germany grew tense as Prussia mentioned the Italian. Prussia looked down, deep in thought. Germany sighed.

"I want to help him..." he finally said. "but he doesn't *want* me to, so I continue to ask myself, 'What can I do for him...?' How *can* I help him...?"

Prussia momentarily averted his gaze, before shrugging. "I'm not the best with this kind of thing, you know, but you should do what you see fit." he told him honestly.

Germany briefly met his gaze, before sighing. "I shall find a way to fix this, however it may be..."

With that, Germany left the room.

A/N: What did you think? Review. Sorry, this one was a lot short. Sorry if it's kind of a bad chapter idea. I had to get some development in between Prussia and Germany somehow or another, so here it is ^_^

Recollection

Story: Save Me, Chapter 6 - Recollection

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia...

At the conference room.

"Italy...?" Italy looked over to meet the kind eyes of France.

"B-big brother France, I..." Italy started to say, but trailed off into silence, curious as to why France had called him out. He smiled at Italy, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Do you mind meeting me at Austria's later?" he wanted to know. At first Italy was skeptical and reluctant, but after think about it, he kind of missed the old days, and Austria, and Hungary, and... he smiled sadly. *Holy Roman Empire...*

"I something wrong?" France questioned, worriedly, snapping him out of his thoughts. Italy looked back up smiling.

"No it's nothing, and I've decided to come." he told him.

"Wonderful." France beamed, nodding."I see you there then."

"Si." Italy nodded, as France went on up ahead, before he, himself, made his way to meeting place. America, England, France, and Germany were already waiting when he got there. However, it appeared as thought he wasn't the last to get there, because some of the others hadn't arrived yet either. As Italy took a seat next to Germany, America spoke.

"Okay, now that everyone's here, lets start the-"

"Ahem." France interrupted him, bringing silence to the room.

"Da, I do not believe everyone is here yet, Amerika." said Russia. "I think we should wait."

"Okay, so who exactly are we missing?" America wanted to know.

"Has anyone seen Japan?" Germany asked.

"China hasn't arrived yet, either." Russia added.

"Um, nor has Spain." announced Italy.

"1...2...3...Aren't we forgetting someone?" England mused, gazing around, scanning the room.

"Hey, dudes, where's Canada?" America questioned.

"I have to wonder, myself." Russia replied, a dark smile plastered on his face, as a hand slowly waved at his side.

"I right here, guys..." At hearing a familiar soft and meek voice speak, everyone immediately felt pity for poor Canada. Once again, Russia had 'unknowingly' sat on him yet again.

"Russia, get off of Canada." said England, Russia's dark grin only growing.

"And if I refuse...?"

Agitated, England sent the communist nation one of his trademark 'death glares', however, Russia remained unphased, and somewhat amused. He knew the bastard was testing his patience, and it really ticked him off. Russia just loved pushing people's buttons, didn't he? "I don't think you really want to know..."

To say the least, Russia's expression got ten times more disturbing; Ten times darker, and ten times scarier. He seemed to be having fun. "Oh, but I do..."

Needless to say, what little patience England once had was now gone. He mentally snapped, contemplating what spell or chant could take care of this little...'issue'. He was on the verge of getting rid of a certain nation, when China and Japan finally arrived, shortly after, followed by Spain.

"~Oh, they're here." Russia smiled yet again, getting up.

"Lo siento." Spain apologized, nervously scratching the back of his head.. "Hope we didn't keep you waiting too long."

"Hai," Japan nodded. "Sorry we're so late... There was some important business we had to take care of."

"Yes, but now we're here." added China. England thought for a moment, before shrugging.

"I see. Since you're not France, I trust you, just hurry up and take your seat..." said England.

"What was *that* suppose to mean, you jerk?" France demanded, as England sighed.

"You do remember the last time you came in late, right?" he reminded him. "You said you were running an important task for the sake of your country, and come to find out, you were actually taking pictures of yourself."

"That *was* for the sake of my country, you moron!" France retorted. "People might would die if it weren't for my beautiful face being there save their day."

Germany coughed.

"Save their day...? I think you mean "tarnish their life..." he muttered, causing Italy to laugh a laugh a little.

"Do you want to defile your people's minds?!" England demanded.

"For your information, It's not called 'defiling', you pig!"

"Look who's talking, pedophile!"

"PEDOPHILE?!"

"THAT IS ENOOOOOUGH!" The whole room grew silent, as Germany slammed his hands on the table to get their attention. After a moment, he sat back down, sighing.

England and France, who were now scuffling on the floor, stopped immediately to look up at him. After a moment, England got up, brushing off his shirt and pants,

"I must apologize for my behavior. That was a little uncharacteristic of a gentleman."

France sighed. "I guess I did overdo it a little.

Finally, they returned to their seats, and once everyone was settled and ready, they began the meeting, starting off with the topic of world trade. Italy wasn't really paying attention though, as he kept catching himself staring off into space. Germany looked over at Italy, taking notice of how pale his skin was.

"Italy...?" Germany whispered, startling Italy, who looked up to meet his eyes.

"Holy Ro-" he stopped mid-word, before speaking again. "G-Germany..." Italy immediately looked away, mentally cursing himself for what he almost did just then. He made the mistake of seeing Holy Rome in Germany yet again. Why did that have to keep happening? They weren't the same person, and they never would be. Germany was Germany, but...that look of concern... That gentle face... that soft voice, it was...*his*. *No!* What was he thinking?! Germany's voice belonged to Germany alone; nobody else's. But...

"Italy...? Is something wrong?" he jumped yet again, looking back up at Germany.

"Oh, sorry, Germany. I'm fine." he said reassuringly. "I'm just feeling a little sick is all. I'll be back in a minute."

Before Germany could do anything to stop him, Italy had already left the room. Unknowingly, both Japan *and Russia* had heard everything.

~ *End of Chapter*

A/N: What reason did Russia have to listen in on their conversation. Does he possibly care, or is it just mere coincidence? And what words of encouragement might our friend have if he *does* by chance care. More importantly, why is it that France asked our little Italy to meet him Austria's house? Could he maybe know something that most of the other nations don't? Read to find out, and review (if you will).

Chapter 7

Story: Save Me, Chapter 7 - Unexpected Comfort

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia, or any of it's characters.

Italy ran down the hall to the bathroom, tears making their way to the corners of his eyes. He couldn't believe it. Why did he keep thinking of Germany like that? They were friends. They were FRIENDS! And even though Germany was a lot *like* Holy Roman Empire, there many differences as well. He stopped, smiling to himself. "~Ve, I know, I'll *name* all the differences. That way I can prove to myself that Germany and Holy Roman Empire are different. And that Germany and I are just friends." he held up his fingers. "Let's see now, Germany is big and scary...eh..."

He then remembered how scary Holy Roman Empire was, when he would peeked through the doors. At first, he was *extremely* scary, until they got to know each other better, then he realized what a caring person Holy Roman Empire was. Germany was the same- *shit,* he was suppose to be thinking of *differences*, not similarities! "Oh, Germany is really really stern."

But he can be soft*, just like Holy Roman Empire.*

"Germany rarely ever smiles."

Well, how often did Holy Roman Empire actually smile except to him?

"Um...um..." After about ten minutes of thinking and *re*thinking, he realized that it hadn't helped at all. In fact, if anything, it only made him that much more certain that he *did* like Germany after *all,* which was the exact *opposite* of what he was originally aiming for.

"Having troubling thoughts, da?"

"R-Russia!" To say the least, Italy had never been so startled in his life, and the fact that it was *Russia* only made matters worse. Russia smiled.

"Why do you jump as if I am a ghost, when really, you do look like one yourself?" Italy knew immediately Russia was catching on to him, even if he didn't straight out say it. Italy avoided his 'question' (Is that what it really was? Who knows with someone like *Russia*?).

"W-what do you want...?" he asked hesitantly.

"Nothing in particular." Russia replied, smiling. "It was just by coincidence that I happened to see you here. But tell me, why do you lie to yourself?"

Italy said nothing, struggling to look him in the eye.

"You do know what I mean, da?" Italy gazed away. "You've been questioning your relationship with the German for quite some time, no?"

Italy looked back up, smiling. "G-Germany...? Why would I think about something like that? Germany and I are just friends!"

"Oh?" Russia's smile somewhat faded? "Is that why you almost made mistake of referring to him as the Holy Roman Empire?"

"I-I..."

"Now I don't believe you ever gave me the correct answer to my first question," said Russia, grinning yet again. "So let's try that again, shall we? *Having troubling thoughts, da?*"

Italy knew there was no point in trying to deny it any further, because Russia could easily read others like a book, *literally.* He was just that mysterious. But he knew one thing for sure. He was just thankful that the Communist Nation before him probably knew nothing about his 'habit', as he would never stay quiet about something such as *that*.

"Si..." he finally replied, his smile fading, as Russia now stood in front of him. "Germany and I *are* just friends, right...? Holy Roman Empire would be so angry at me right now..."

"You shouldn't doubt." Russia told him, as he reached up to Italy's shoulder. "Would Holy Roman Empire not want only what was best for Italy? You're lucky to have friends who care for you. You should trust them more."

"S-si..." Italy replied, giving a small nod, as Russia pulled into a surprisingly warm and comforting embrace. "Grazie, Russia."

"It's no problem," Russia gave a dark smile. "but If you really want to thank me, you should become one with mother Russia, da?

A/N: What did you think? Liked it? Since this was Russia, I had to have some humor in this. Please review, someone. Anyway, onto the next chapter, hopefully.

Plans: The Surprise Party

Story: ***Save me, Chapter 8 - Plans: The Surprise Party***

Summary/Note: ***Just so you know, this is is mainly flashback***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia...***

With Austria

~ Flashback

"France? What do you want? Don't tell me you're here on the behalf of Prussia to provoke another war." Austria, to say the least, was rather surprised to find someone, such as France, standing at his door, and what astonished him even more was the fact that, for once, he actually carried looks of concern and worry, rather than, well...perversion, as he usually did.

"For your information, Prussia has nothing *to do with this." said, France, sticking his nose in the air momentarily. "But I need to talk to you; it concerns Italy."*

Austria's straight-faced expression turned slightly more solemn (solemn...?) If there was anyone France cared about, it was Italy and Romano. This was one of the few nations most of the others could see eye-to-eye on, and one of the few nations that most of the others cared about, as well, so this was obviously serious. "What about him? Did something happen...?"

France grimly averted his gaze, before finally replying. "I'll be quite honest with you... According to what I've heard, he's not doing very well."

Austria briefly pinched the bridge of his nose, as he thought for a second. "Very well." he said. "Since it can't be helped, come in and try not to mess up anything. I'll go prepare some tea."

France found himself, yet again. irritated by Austria's comments, however, somehow he managed to keep his opinion to himself, as he took a seat on the sofa. As he waited, he couldn't help but let his mind drift off to the past few weeks. According to Romano, Italy had been eating less and less lately, and Germany and Japan had started noticing changes in Italy, as well. Soon enough, Italy was beginning to turn pale, but he insisted that he was absolutely fine. Not a single person questioned him at first, until Romano did. However he didn't get much more out of him that anyone else did.

France slightly smirked. He found it kind of cute that the one who said he didn't care was the first one to see through his facade and say something.

"Now, tell me, what's going on with Italy." said Austria, snapping him out of his thoughts."I want to know everything you know."

France looked up at Austria, who held out a glass of tea.

"Very well." France sighed, somewhat reluctant. "As you know, the anniversary of the departure of the Holy Roman Empire was three months ago, and, well, ever since then, there have been some..." he met Austria's eyes. "disturbing changes in Italy."

"Changes?" Austria inquired, raising an eyebrow. "Such as?"

France contemplated his words carefully before speaking. "For one, he has not been eating properly. According to Romano, he's been eating less and less everyday. He's beginning to turn pale. On top of that, there was blood discovered in their bathroom. As much as I hate to say it, I believe there's something he's hiding from all of us, but I'm fully certain what to think myself, however, I assume it may have something to do with Holy Roman Empire and Germany."

"The German...?" at first, Austria seemed confused, and rather dumbfounded, when it dawned on him that the two did look remarkably similar. "Oh, of course..."

It only made since that Germany, being that he had so many so many similar aspects to Holy Roman Empire, would remind Italy of him, but he couldn't help but wonder if there was a little more to this than met the eye. Even though there nothing going on between the two, Germany and Italy ***did*** *seem fairly close.*

"Germany and Holy Roman Empire share such remarkable similarity, that it's only natural that Italy would be reminded of him, however...personally, I believe there more to it than just that."

"Agreed." replied Austria, taking a sip of his tea. "Just based off what you've told me, I, as well, have to believe that he's hiding something."

An eerie silence settled between the two, and lasted about a minute before France finished his Tea, placing it on the coffee table in front of him.

"France," France glanced up to meet the eyes of Austria. "I want you to get Germany, Romano, Spain, to come here with Italy in a week at 5pm. The other nations are invited as well. I'm going to throw a surprise party for the appreciation of Italy."

Normally, France would've gotten all exited at the idea of a party, but he just nodded, making his way to the front to the front door. "I will..."

~End of Flashback~

Hungary looked over at Austria, finishing up the last of the decorations. Austria then left the room. "Dear Austria seems to be on edge... I hope little Italy will enjoy this... He should, though, since Austria's involved."

A/N: What did you think? MASSIVELY OOC Hungary, sorry. I've only seen two scenes with her. Even though I haven't seen much with Austria either. But in my opinion, I don't

really know what I was thinking. Review...

Along the Way

Story: ***Save Me, Chapter 9***
Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia...***

"~Ve, Big Brother Spain?" Italy stood next to Romano and Spain, as everyone made their way to Austria's. Once again, Canada was being forgotten. England and France were at each others' necks yet again, and America couldn't help but stand at the sidelines, cheering it on. China stood next to Japan, discussing some pressing matters, then there was Russia who was standing off to the side. He had somehow found out, deciding to come. Not that he'd been invited, of course.

Spain looked down, meeting the Italian's eyes, as he gave a smile. "What is it, Italy?"

"Why did Austria want to see me?" Italy asked.

"Well that's a surprise, of course." Spain reached over coddling him in an embrace, leaving Italy somewhat confused and disappointed. Everyone quietly talked amongst themselves, until finally they started to approach Austria's place. France and England looked up after a moment.

"What? We're already here?" England rose an eyebrow, before letting go of his grip on France's shoulders. He smirked, running up ahead, after pushing France back.

"Hey, *you jerk!*" France shouted, as he caught up.

"You won't win *this* round, you git!" shouted England.

"Ha, we'll see about that!" France retorted, speeding up to catch up with England, racing him there.

"Go, Britain!" America cheered.

"Good grief..." muttered Germany, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"What seems to be the problem?" questioned Russia, who popped out, out of no where, startling the hell out of Germany.

"What the hell, Russia?! When did *you* get here?" he demanded.

"What do you mean? I've been here the whole time." Russia replied 'innocently' (Innocently? Um...yeah...something like that...)

Germany sighed, covering his forehead with his hand. "...Never mind, I'm going up ahead."

And he did just *that*. It left Russia a little confused, but that always seemed to happen to poor Russia. He never *did* seem to understand why people were so afraid of him.

"I don't understand. Did I say something wrong?" he asked Canada, who happened to be standing next to him. The ghostly nation paled.

"I-I'm sure it's nothing. I wouldn't worry too much about it..." he looked off to the side, smiling nervously. *'Yeah...Right...'*

Somehow, surprisingly enough, America was the first one to make it there.

"America, when did you get here?" England questioned, taken by surprise, as he arrived at Austria's door, moments later followed by France.

"Ha, It took you long enough! You guys are *so* slow." America remarked, smiling.

"*As if!* I think *you're* just *fast*." England replied.

"For once, I have to agree;" France commented. "Obviously, we're *fast* because no one else is here yet."

"Anyway, shouldn't we go in?" England wanted to know.

"Not ye-" France started to say, but, as he looked up, he heard America's voice, as England knocked on the door.

"Dude, open up!" America called, knocking on the door. "Everyone's here!"

"Hey, I was talking!" shouted a very irritated France, when the rest of the nations arrived. As everyone spoke amongst themselves, Austria opened the door from inside, letting the other nations come in.

"Woah, sweet! This place is amazing!" exclaimed America, running in immediately after.

"Geez, *Anything* will impress that wanker..." Britain then sighed, following behind him. Italy and Germany were the last to come in.

"So I got to..." Italy had been telling Germany about a 'dream' he'd had, but the German couldn't help but wonder, based off what he'd been hearing lately regarding Italy, if this was just an act. Ha, even after all this time, he still couldn't figure the Italian out.

Italy quickly glanced around the room, taking notice of the many decorations that filled the room. "~Ve, what is all this?"

~ End of Chapter

A/N: What do ya think? Sorry about the bad chapter ending, and the cliff-hanger. I'll try to update soon. Please Review, even if it WAS terrible.

Fooling Around

Story: ***Save Me, Chapter 10***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia.***

"~Ve, what is all this?" Italy questioned, looking around the room. Suddenly he was being hugged by Spain.

"Surprise!" everyone cheered. Even Romano joined them, however was much quieter, and practically unnoticed, except by Italy and Spain.

"Mon Cher, we thought we'd do something special for you." France explained, giving a warm smile.

"Si, there are so many people who care for you, and wanted you to have some fun." said Spain. "Even Romano came."

"Well, It's not like I had a choice. I couldn't just set back and do nothing, could I?" Romano, averted his gaze, as he looked away, trying to hide the fact that he cared. This earned him a loving hug from Spain.

"Aww, isn't that just so cute? Little Roma cares, after all ~" the Spaniard grinned.

"I do *not*! G-get off me, bastardo!" Romano retorted, pushing him off.

"Thank you, Romano." Italy smiled, then looked back up at Germany. "Germany, did you already know about this?"

Germany gazed down at him for a moment, before scratching the back of his head. "Ja. I did."

"What about you, Japan?" Italy then turned his attention to Japan, who nodded.

"Hai. Three days ago, France-san informed me of it." he told him.

"...Oh..." Italy wanted to say something in reply, but wasn't certain *what*. He was feeling a mixture of different feelings that he couldn't fully comprehend. He was happy that they cared enough to throw him a party, yet, at t same time, it made him sad because they were going through all that trouble just for him.

"Italy...?" Germany reached up to place a hand on Italy's shoulder. Italy immediately looked back up, smiling to assure them that he was fine.

"~Ve, sorry , I guess I spaced out there a bit." Italy scratched the back of his head, smiling. However, France, Germany, and several others studied him strangely. It was as obvious as day that it was a facade, but...

Realizing most everyone's attention was turned to him, he quickly thought of something to say. "So, um, guys, what are we going to do?"

Seriously? Was that *all* he could think of?Well, it was better than nothing, he supposed. At least good enough to pull their attention away from *him*, that is.

"That's a good question." commented China after a moment. "I was just wondering that myself, Aru."

"Da, I agree with China." Russia replied.

"So, what can we do?" questioned Britain, everyone then turning their attention to Austria, who sighed in return, before explaining where everything was. England was immediately dragged off somewhere by America at the mention of 'burgers'. After a moment, Spain placed a hand on Romano's head, smiling.

"You guys, let's go do some fun Karaoke." Spain suggested. "What do you say?"

"No thanks..." Germany grumbled.

"For once, I actually *agree* with the Potato Bastard." said Romano, causing the German to sweat drop at the insult, as he practically always did. "There's no way you're getting me to sing. Especially not here."

"Aww, you make me feel special, little Romano~ I'm the only one you've ever sang to, after all. And I think you have a great voice." Spain grinned, earning an elbow in the stomach from said Italian. Romano looked away, blushing brightly.

"But you don't have to if you don't want..." Spain choked, tightly clutching his stomach.

"I wouldn't mind doing some singing." France volunteered.

"Nor I." said China. "It's been a while since I've done this kind of thing, aru. What about you, Japan?"

Japan averted his gaze nervously. "Um, well... I-"

Italy took him by the hand, smiling. "Come on Japan, it'll be fun!"

"I, um, wait a moment! I declare this is invasive to my personal space." poor Japan obviously didn't want to sing. Well, can't blame him, but it's not like there was much he could do now, considering that he had France, Spain, and Italy at his tail.

"Can I sing?" Canada asked, quietly. Russia looked over after a moment.

"Seems they didn't hear you." he smiled. Much to Russia's surprise, Canada seemed slightly irritated.

"I can see that." he said. Boy, Russia certainly did love pushing other people's buttons, didn't he...?

A/N: What did you think? Please review. Sorry for the possible cliffhanger.

Don't Touch my Romano!

Story: Save Me, Chapter 11 - Don't Touch my Romano!

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia...

A few hours had passed since Austria had declared the beginning of the party. By now, Russia had scared the crap out of several nations, (yes, literally...) Japan and China had drank some sake, but not enough to get them intoxicated. Surprisingly enough, Prussia had decided to come, and surprisingly enough, Austria had *allowed* him to come. He was currently singing on the 'stage' something about a duck, and how awesome he was. Germany was trying not to drink too much, so that he could think straight enough to keep an eye on Italy as he promised himself he would do. However it was becoming very difficult to resist the temptation when France kept pouring more and more into his cup. Was he trying to get him so drunk to the point of him passing out? Well, being France, there's no way you know, with *him*...

Germany couldn't help but notice, as he watched Italy from a distance, that the Italian hadn't yet touched his wine. What could be going through his mind, that he'd even give up *wine*, he mused. Usually Italy was first ones to finish his.

"Germany-san." Germany gazed up to see his Asian friend standing there, before looking back at the table.

"Oh, Japan, it's you." he replied, before looking back at the table.

"Itary-kun is not drinking." Japan quietly noted. "I wonder why."

"I don't know either." Germany said.

"I see..." said Japan, leaving it at that.

Spain had somehow managed to get Romano to sing, and Romano was quickly regretting it. Every now and then, he would catch Spain, smiling at him in amusement. There he went again!

"I said to stop it, damn it!"

"Aww, but Romano, you just looked so adorable up there."

Irritated, Romano jabbed Spain in the stomach for the umpteenth time that day.

"Why do you have to be so harsh, Romano...?" the Spaniard whined. "That hurt, you know...?"

Romano looked away, saying nothing.

"I don't see why you're getting so angry at Big Brother Spain, Romano." said Italy, smiling. "I think you have a great voice."

Romano said nothing at first but, after a moment, he averted his gaze, muttering a soft, "...Really...? You do...?"

"~Ve, of course." Italy nodded.

"Yes, I think you were just so cute with your-" said France, reaching up to touch Romano's head, when Spain pushed his hand away.

"Hands off my Romano, France!" said Spain, pulling Romano close to his chest.

"Hey what's the big idea?!" France demanded. "I was just going to-"

"'Make him French territory? I don't think so." said Spain, closing his eyes momentarily.

"How could you assume such things?" France folded his arms, point his nose slightly in the air. If I wanted to make him French territory, I wouldn't do it in broad day-light, that's for sure.

"Oh, thanks for tellin-"

"SHUT UP!" Romano shouted, punching both Spain, and France in the jaw, finally managing to pull away from Spain's chest. The whole room was now silent, except for Prussia who was still singing.

"I am awesome; awesome is me. Ducky's and beer. I am awesome. What am I? I am awesome. Who am I? I am the awesome Prussia. That's who I..." Prussia trailed off into silence, just then noticing how quiet it was.

"Hey, what happened?" he mused. "Why is everyone so quiet?"

"Don't worry, people!" Spain waved, smiling nervously. "Everyone's fine over here. It's nothing."

After a moment, everyone went on back to doing what they were doing before.

"Hey," Germany said from behind Romano, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"What do you want, potato bastard?" Romano questioned, not turning to look at him, while Spain ignored the fact that France questioned why Germans were allowed to touch Romano, but he, himself, couldn't.

"Do you know where Italy went?" the German questioned in reply.

"What do you..." Romano looked over at Italy's abandoned seat. "Wait, he's gone. When did he leave?" he wondered aloud.

"Italy has went to the bathroom." they looked up to see Austria push up his glasses. "I assume he'll be back shortly.

"I see." said Germany. "I guess I'll wait then..."

'Thank you so much...Germany, Romano, Japan, Big Brother France, and Big Brother Spain, and Austria, and...and everyone else too. I've had so much fun today, I really have. But...still...I...'

A/N: What do you think? Review.

Silent Apologies

Story: ***Save Me, Chapter 12 - Silent Apologies***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia... However, I do own the Italian pasta in my cabinet XD.***

'Thank you so much...Germany, Romano, Japan, Big Brother France, and Big Brother Spain, and Austria, and...and everyone else too. I've had so much fun today, I really have. But...still...I...'

Italy sat in the bathroom contemplating his reflection in the knife in his hand. He tightly hugged himself, so badly wanting to cry. He was extremely happy that everyone was getting along, but it hurt so much to know that they were doing all of this just for *him*. Why did he always have to be the one other people got hurt and gave up things for? Again, as he'd remembered a while back, Germany was constantly dropping everything just to run and help him, no matter what. Several nights when he was sick, Germany was there, giving up his sleep, to watch over him and make sure that he was alright.

Romano obviously didn't like the German, but he pushed away all of his feelings of resentment, just so *he* could be happy. Even though he refused to admit it, most people could tell that the South Italian cared about him.

Then there was Japan; what did he really think of him? The Japanese were usually more quiet when it came to personal feelings regarding someone else, especially if those personal feelings are not exactly nice, per say. Well, typically, you could say they're more self-restrained, and not very expressive, so there's no telling if Japan and him were really friends or just companions. There *is* a difference.

"Why...?" he choked, holding back tears. "Why are they being so nice, just for me? It's not right... It's just not right..."

Unable to restrain himself any longer, he once again contemplated his knife, then unwrapping the banage from his arm. Placing the knife's blade on his wrist, he made several deep cuts, but on the fifth one, he accidently cut *too* deep. His bit his lip to keep from shouting and cursing aloud, as blood gushed from his wound, running down his arm.

'W-what have I done?! I didn't mean to go that far... What should I do?! What should I do?! What should I do?! If Germany, or Roma-' he desperately looked around the room for something to cover hold down the bleeding with, but suddenly he realized he'd left the door unlocked.

'I have to lock the-' he thought, dizzily making his way over to the door. His sight was becoming blurry, as he fell to his knees, dropping the bloody knife in his hand. "N-no...I can't let them see me like this...I have to..."

An image of Holy Roman Empire smiling at him suddenly appeared in his head, causing him to trail off into silence, tears now freely leaking from his eyes. "...Holy Roman Empire... G-grandaddy Rome... Romano... Big Brother Spain... Big Brother France... Germany... Brother Prussia I'm sorry..."

"What the hell?!" was the last words he heard before the world around him went black.

(A/N: Ok, would someone please tell me what Italy calls Prussia? I know Prussia calls Italy 'Italy-chan', but I'm wanting to know what Italy refrerrs to Prussia as, 'cause I can't find it anywhere, and I don't watch Hetalia in English Sub, so please, will someone help me...?)

Previously, with the other Nations...

At least ten minutes had passed by now. Prussia had finally quit singing and came over to talk to talk to his brother. Germany was becoming rather impatient, along with Romano, who was setting with his arms folded, and bouncing his leg. Spain and France seemed to be becoming quite worried, and both Canada and Japan kept nervously figiting with their hand, as Russia seemed a little too close for comfort.

"Hey, hasn't Italy been gone for some time?" questioned America.

"I agree." replied England, nodding, as he folded his arms. "It *has* been a while..."

"Da." Russia smiled. "It does seem strange."

"Shouldn't someone check on him...?" Canada asked, holding his bear tightly.

Romano's eye brow twitched, in irritation. He knew they were basically asking *him* to check on his brother.

"Screw it, I'll fucking go." he grumbled, geting up.

Why couldn't they've just asked him to do so in a more pleasant way? Why did nations such as Russia and some of the others have to be such asses?

Reaching up to the Bathroom door, he heard a loud thump. His heart sunk, as he immediately opened the door. "...Eh, Venezeiano?"

His eyes widened in shock, as he looked around the room. There were drops of blood here and there on the floor.

'What happened here?', he wondered, gazing down, before his breath caught in his throat when he saw Italy lying on the floor in front of him a pile of his own blood. His left arm was filled with too many scars to count. Big and small, opened and closed. Then he saw the knife. "What the hell?! Veneziano!"

A/N: What did you think? Review.

In the Face of Crimson

Story: ***Save Me, Chapter 13 - In the Face of Crimson***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia...nor Bleach...nor Naruto...nor Blue Exorcist...***

"What the hell?! V-Veneziano!" Romano looked down at Italy's arm, then at the knife. He slowly turned his gaze to the bandage wrap, then the blood, adding two and two together. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He just couldn't. Why would Italy do something like this...? He had everything, he had so many friends, he had so much talent. It made no since. He should've been happy.

"Romano, what's wrong?!" Spain ran in behind him, accidentally running into him. As he fell back, he noticed Romano was abnormally still. Typically, he would've said something like 'Watch where you're running, bastardo!'

But he didn't. He just stood there, paralyzed.

"Hey, Romano..." then he saw Italy lying in front of Romano, and the blood. His eyes widened. "Dios mio... All this time, Italy..."

"This was my fault... This was all my fault..." it took a moment, before Spain realized Romano was crying.

"Romano..." Spain got up, about to say something, when America came in the room, along with England.

"Dudes, is everything al-" America cut himself off mid-sentence, when they saw the blood.

"Hey, what the bloody hell happened?" England demanded.

"Damn it!" Romano punched the nearby wall with full force, cursing, as he tried to hold back tears.

"Romano, stop it! You're going to hurt yourself!"

By the six time, Spain, having no other choice, stepped in to restrain him.

"Let go of me!" Romano shouted.

"America, help Spain restrain Italy's brother. I'll go get China and Japan for medical treatment." England told him, before leaving.

"...Right." America briefly averted his gaze, somehow finding himself lightly blushing. *'England seemed desperate... I've never seen him in such a panic before... It's...kinda cute.'*

"Ah, what I thinking?!" America jumped, shaking his head, as he turned around. "I've got to help Spain!"

Back to England ~

England ran over to the table Japan, China, Canada, and most everyone else were at.

France, Japan, Germany, and Prussia looked up, taking notice of the worried look on his face.

What's wrong?" Germany asked, however, there was no answer.

"Kiku, Yao, I need you! It's an emergency!" England told them. China and Japan were both taken by surprise when he referred to them as their human names. They nodded, getting up to follow him.

"Hey, what happened?! Is Italy alright?!" Germany demanded, standing up. England momentarily stopped, looking back to face him.

"There's no time to explain right now! If you really want to find out, then come with us. If not, just stay." he told him. Japan and China had stopped, waiting for him. He then sighed, leading them to the bathroom. It left Germany confused, and extremely worried.

"Aren't you going?" Prussia questioned, waving his hand in front of his brother's face to snap him out of his trance. Germany looked over at him nodding.

"Oh, right. Sorry... Yes, I am." he replied.

France lied his cheek in his hand, watching them as they left the room. *'I've never heard Angleterre call anyone by their human names. This must be serious.'*

By the time they got to the bathroom, Spain had managed to calm Romano down, and was now on the floor holding him in an embrace. Japan entered the room, immediately running over to Italy's side. It took him a moment, but soon enough, after seeing the knife, and the cuts on Italy's arm, everything was beginning to make since. At least *most* of it did. What he still didn't understand was why Italy would do something like that to himself. Italy had always seemed so happy, until three months previous to then. Could something have happened to cause him so much pain that he would even result to self-harming? *'Itary-kun...'*

"Japan..." China studied his brother-figure with concern.

"Find some cloth. We've got to stop the bleeding!" said Japan.

"Right." China nodded, getting up to search the room for something that would work.

"Italy!" Germany and Prussia came in, pushing America to the side, as they ran over to Italy. America didn't say anything, for he understood how they both felt. If something like this were to happen to Canada or England, he would probably blame himself, though somehow, he did feel he was somewhat to blame for *this*. He didn't know why, though. He wondered if it was because he was suppose to be a hero, and because he should've been able to see

through Italy's smile as he usually could, but this time he couldn't. Some of the others even seemed suspicious of the Italian, but he was too blind to notice *anything*.

"I found some gauze patches." China announced, bringing over a large box that was filled with different types of bandages and medicines. He handed it to Japan, who gave a small smile.

"Thank you." he thanked him, briefly taking notice of the look of worry the German beside him was giving Italy. Prussia none the less. "Let's get started."

China nodded. "Shi."

~ *End of Chapter*

A/N: What did you think of my little UsUk scene? Dios Mio - My God (Spanish)

Shi - Yes (Chinese)

Realizations

Story: Save Me, Chapter 14 - Realizations

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia...

Japan and China had finally managed to stabilize Italy's bleeding. Austria then came in, shocked by the occurrence, but forced himself to hold back his feelings long enough to offer them a bed. Romano and Germany were probably the worst off. They both felt equally to blame for what happened, even though Spain and Prussia told them it wasn't their fault. France actually wasn't too surprised, which *surprised* everyone else, but he *did* seem hurt.

Germany paced around the room, hoping, more than anything else, that Italy would wake up soon. That's all he could bring himself to care about. He didn't know why, but ever since Italy had started acting strange three months prior, he'd began to realize how much he actually cared about Italian. He'd always wanted to be able to protect Italy, but right now, he just felt so helpless. *'Italy...You have to wake up...'*

"I don't get it." Everyone looked up at England, who had his fists tightly clenched in frustration. "It just doesn't add up..."

"...What is it?" America asked after a moment.

"Why would Italy do this? Despite his cowardice, he's got so many things going for him. He has talent, he has friends, he has wealth, how could he possibly be depressed?! What else could he possibly be missing?" England mused.

"Love..." said France, closing his eyes momentarily.

"Da." added Russia.

England faced France, realizing he was being serious.

"France, what are you..." he trailed off into silence, unsure of how to word the question.

France solemnly averted his gaze. "I'm sure you've heard of the Holy Roman Empire before. If you remember in 1806, he left to go to war, but never returned, though he'd promised Italy he would. Italy and him happened to have shared a love, and...well...the least I can say is that Germany and the Holy Roman Empire share such a remarkable image, that he reminds Italy *of* the Holy Roman Empire..."

"They do look a lot alike, da?" said Russia.

"Hold on..." Germany spoke up. "Is that why Italy...?"

"*That* I can't answer for certain," France met the German's eyes. "but I can almost guarantee that it has something to *do* with you."

"I see..." Germany gazed back down at Italy. *'Italy, could it be that you...?'*

At this point, America got up and left, and sometime after, so did Romano. Spain looked up, noticing that Romano hadn't said much of anything, ever since finding his brother like that. It really did worry him.

England got up, following after America. He too had noticed a slight change in *him* as well.

"Hey, where are you going?" England questioned, as America entered the living room. "Ame-
"

"Tell me, England," America stopped in the middle of the room.

"What is it?" England asked.

"I know this is selfish of me to ask this of you, but, in all honesty, what do you really think of me? Because right now, I feel pretty damn helpless." America clenched his fist, his question taking Britain off guard.

"I..." the Englishman was unsure of what to say, or how to answer.

"I'm the hero, aren't I...? I should've been able to see it... I hate it when I see others hurting. I always feel like I'm partially to blame; like there's something I can do to help them, and I *should* have been able to." America said, eyes downcast, before a moment of silence past by.

"You idiot...There doesn't have to be only one hero, you know." England told him, smirking, as he reached out, pulling America into an embrace.

"And, about your question..." he looked away slightly blushing. "I... How should I put it...? I know you may not feel the same way, but after this experience, it's made me realize how much I care about you, and how much I want you... I like you, America..."

"Eng..." America started to say, before realizing there was no need for words, as he felt the same. England was preparing to speak, when America's lips met his. At first he was slightly hesitant, though he didn't know why, but soon enough, he relaxed, deepening the kiss. Some time passed, before they broke apart. Their eyes then met, and America smiled.

"I like you, too, England..."

With Romano

Romano stood at the sink of the bathroom, studying the knife that Italy had been using to cut himself. *'Could Italy possibly like the Potato headed bastard? But why in the world would he? And why didn't he talk to me about it?'*

Then he suddenly remembered how distant Italy was to him. Italy was terrified to ask him anything. He couldn't blame him though. Sometimes, his brother hadn't done *anything* wrong.

Yet, he practically bit his head off as if he'd committed a serious crime. Maybe, *he* was the one to blame for this.

"Romano?"

~ End of Chapter

A/N: ***What did you think of my UsUk scene? Next chapter will have some less-discrete SpaMano. Please Review.***

A New Hope

Story: Save Me, Chapter 15 - A New Hope

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia

"Romano?" Romano looked up to meet the Spaniard's eyes. Spain studied him with worry. A moment later, Romano turned away, averting his gaze. He slightly stuck his nose in the air, as if trying to act tough.

"What do you want, bastardo?" he questioned.

The Spaniard was not fooled, however. "Is everything alright?"

Romano was no longer looking up, but nor was his looking down.

"W-what are you talking about?" he stammered. "Of course it is, so mind your own damn business, why don't you?!"

Spain flinched at the Italian's abrupt comment. He seemed slightly hurt, but he refused to just leave and 'mind his own business'. Right now, he *couldn't* leave. In all honesty, he didn't trust Romano at the time. After all, the South Italian had picked up Italy's knife, for whatever reason, when he thought nobody was watching, when in reality, France, Japan, and himself all three saw it.

"Romano, can you look me in the eye and give me a straight and honest answer as to why you picked up Italy's knife earlier, and lied about seeing it?"

"I-I..." Romano could normally come up with fairly decent lies, but not in this case. Not to *him*. He hated how the Spaniard could practically read him like a book in times like these. He couldn't bring himself to look Spain in the eye, but he did something else that sort of took him by surprise. Running over to Antonio, he grabbed his sleeves, burying his head in his chest. Tears freely fell from his eyes, and he couldn't hold it back anymore. Everything came out, just like that.

"I was thinking that, maybe...this is my fault..." he told him in the midst of choked sobs. "...That, maybe, I'm to blame for what happened to Veneziano...I'd promised Granddad that I would protect him, and now look what's happened. Damn it...Damn it...Why...?"

Spain was silent at first, but, a moment later, he gave a soft smile, reaching up to place a hand on the back of Romano head. He pulled the Italian closer to his chest, then softly planted a kiss on the top of his head.

"It's okay... Please, you can't blame yourself, Romano..." he told him, smiling sadly. "If there's anyone to blame, It's Austria, France and I. They both feel the same. We haven't done our job in watching over you two like we *should* have. Lo siento."

"Don't apologize, bastardo..." Romano told him, pulling closer. Spain chuckled a little at his manner of showing concern.

"Okay, okay...but, still, you shouldn't have to shoulder all of this alone. After all, you have Spain the Boss with you, and your friends, too. Besides, your brother needs you more than anyone else right now... You have to stay strong for him, at least."

Romano stiffened momentarily, giving a small smile as he allowed himself to relax, and return the embrace.

"Ti amo, bastardo." he muttered quietly, half-hoping that he was too quiet for the Spaniard to hear. 'Unfortunately' for Romano, he somehow managed to catch it.

"I'm sorry? Pardon?" Spain rose an eyebrow, wondering if he'd heard right.

"Tch, hard at hearing?" Romano asked, irritably. "I said, 'Ti amo', dumbass! ...And Grazie..."

The Italian blushed brightly as he grumbled beneath his breath. Spain's eyes slightly widened, before Antonio glomped him, now hugging and kissing him all over.

"H-hey!" Romano shouted, resisting, but not resisting (if you get my drift) his love.

"Tambien te amo, Roma~" Spain grinned. "Y de nada."

Well, that turned out well. Now, let's get back to Germany, ja?

Germany and France were quiet; a little *too* quiet. After what seemed like forever, America finally decided to break the silence.

"Say, Commie dude, Russia." Russia, along with everyone else turned their attention to him. "What is it, Amerika?"

"Are you hiding something from us?" America questioned.

"Why do you assume that I hold secret?" Russia replied, challenging innocently. "I suppose you're right, though. I happened to talk your friend earlier, after the meeting."

"So you know why he did this?!" America and Germany demanded in unison.

"Da," said Russia, giving a small nod. "but I think it would be best to hear what *he* has to say first."

"But, we-"

America was silenced when Britain held out a hand in front of him. The American looked over at him in confusion. "England, I..."

"As much as I hate to admit it, Russia's right." England sighed averting his gaze. "Italy may have told Russia things he trusted him with, but he didn't want everyone else knowing about."

For a second America was reluctant, but then realized England was right.

Russia smiled again. "England's smarter than he looks, da?"

England glared at the Russian, in agitation. America sighed, before momentarily smirking. "I guess you're right, England."

"Yes, all we can do is wait, and hope for the best, unfortunately..." France commented.

"That's true, but when he wakes up, we have to let him know how much we care, right guys?" Everyone was surprised when they turned to see Canada look so...determined. "He has to know he's not alone, and that we're here for him."

A moment of silence.

"Dudes, who's with him?" America questioned, raising a hand. England rose a hand but said nothing.

"What says I can't swallow my pride to help my brother, of course I'm in!" Romano rose his hand, followed by Spain.

"I want to help as well if I can." he smiled.

"Itary-kun needs us. Just as he's helped us, I shall help *him*." Japan added.

"Ita is important to me. There's no way I'd say, 'no' to helping him." Prussia declared.

"There's something I must tell Italy myself." Germany replied. "So I'm in, as well."

People kept adding, and by the time they were done, everyone had raised their hand, even *Russia*.

"Once he wakes up, let's all remind him of our bond as nations, and that he shouldn't have to carry that burden alone. Let's let him know there are so many people who care for him, and that they wouldn't be the same without him." said America.

"Ja."

"Hao."

"Hai."

"Hell yeah!"

"Si."

"Da."

"Right."

"Yeah."

"Mn."

~ End of Chapter

A/N: ***What did you think? Hope you liked it. Review. Hurray for Canada! :)***

Tambien te amo, Roma- I love you too, Roma~ (Spanish)

Y de nada - and you're welcome (Spanish)

Ti amo - I love you. (Italian)

Hao - Okay (Chinese)

Confronting The Feelings

Story: Save Me, Chapter 16 - Confronting the Feelings

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia

It had been several hours. Even more-so than before, Germany and Romano were becoming extremely antsy. Everyone was becoming slightly worried about their state of mind. Prussia kept waving his hand in Germany's face to snap him out of his thoughts. It was really beginning to annoy him, and worry him at the same time. It was distracting Japan as well, as he'd never seen Germany worry so much before.

"Japan, is something wrong?"

Japan looked back over to meet the eyes of China, before shaking his head.

"Iie, I'm fine." he shook his head, as he stood up. "I'm going to talk to Germany-san."

"...I see." said China, a worried expression on his face. He could tell that Japan was upset, even though he said otherwise.

'Why won't you ever talk to me, anymore?' he wondered, as Japan went over to speak to Germany, who was sitting next to the sleeping Italian..*'You can trust me."*

"Germany-san," said nation looked up for the first time in practically decades.

"Oh, Japan, it's you." Germany replied, before looking away again.

"I'm sure Itary-kun will wake up soon." Japan told him, giving a small, but reassuring smile.

"...Ja, I believe he will, too." Germany agreed after a moment.

The others knew they couldn't stay forever. They *were* nations; they had a job, and that was to represent their country. It wasn't like they could just call in, and say they couldn't make it like normal humans.

"Mes chers, I would love to stay here until Italy wakes up, but unfortunately, I can't." said France. England sighed.

"France is right..." he reluctantly admitted. "We are nations after all. We can't just sit around, sipping tea, unfortunately."

After a moment, everyone reluctantly nodded in agreement and eventually left, promising to come back in a few days. Romano, Spain, America, Germany, Japan, and Prussia, on the other hand, all refused.

"America?" England placed a hand on America's shoulder, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Oh, sorry, I think I'm going to stay a little longer." America smiled, pointing at himself. "After all, I'm a hero, and a hero's job is to make sure everyone is okay."

England smiled, regretfully placing a hand over his face. *'What a wanker...'*

He knew there was no point in trying to tell him otherwise, for after America's mind was made up, it was made up. No questions.

"Fine, fine. I'm going then." he said, turning around.

"Oh, England," England stopped at the doorway, but said nothing, as he waited for him speak.

"I-" the American started to say, but cut himself off, as he shook his head. "No, it's nothing."

He knew was no need to say thanks, as England probably already knew what he was thinking.

"I see..." said England, before leaving.

After everyone else had left, Spain looked up as Romano pulled up a chair setting next to Germany at Italy's bedside. The German seemed somewhat surprised, along with Prussia, but they said nothing.

"Hey, Potato Bastard... I don't understand my brother, but I think it's safe to assume he likes you." Romano finally muttered. "I don't have a clue as to why, though. But anyway... I think you may be the only one capable of getting through to him. And that's why..."

He looked away before continuing. "That's why I'm telling you that you'd better take care of my fratello, got it?"

"Awww, little Roma cares~" Spain hugged Romano, causing him to blush.

"Sh-shut up!" he retorted, but didn't really resist his hugs.

Japan thought for a moment, before looking up at Germany.

"Germany-san, I probably should've told you this before, but I've talked to Itary-kun about his feelings before, and I did know he likes you, but do you feel the same?" Japan questioned.

"Yeah, West. Do you?" Prussia elbowed his brother curiously.

Germany looked at Japan thoughtfully. *Did* he like Italy? The thought of losing him was more than anything he could bear, yet it gave him feelings he'd never felt before, which hurt so bad. More than anything, he wanted to protect the Italian. More than anything, he wanted to be there with him. And more than anything else, he wanted to embrace him, and for Italy to want the same. Could it be love? He was almost certain it was. He only wished he'd recognized sooner. If it weren't for his blindness, then this probably wouldn't have happened, he was sure.

He nodded, looking back over at Italy, as he gave a small nod. "Ja, I guess I *do."*

A/N: What did you think? Sorry, this ones so short. I have my reasons though. Anyway, please review...

Confession

Story: Save Me, Chapter 17 - Confession
Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia, and never will, otherwise, there WOULD be SOME angst in the midst.

Italy stood in a dark hallway, feeling and scaning around to find any sign of light. As he wondered around, tears formed in the corners of his eyes. He'd always feared dark area's like this.

"Germany? Japan? Romano? Someone, please help me! Please, I don't want to be here alone." he sobbed, desperate for someone to reply.

*"But you're **not** alone." Italy jumped, startled by a gentle voice that sounded so familar, yet, still unplacable.*

"Who are you?" Italy questioned in reply.

"Don't you remember?"

Italy seemed confused, but said nothing, as he wondered around. "Where are you?"

"You're going the wrong way." the voice told him.

"I-I am? Which way is right, then? Where do I go?" Italy wanted to know. "I can't see anything."

"Hold out your hand." it said.

"O-okay..." he hesitantly did so, holding up his hand as asked. After a second, his eyes widened. tears falling down his cheeks, as Holy Roman Empire now stood in front of him. The only thing different was that he was fully grown, and looked so much like...Germany...

He gave the Italian a warm smile. "Do you you remember me now...Italy...?"

"H...Holy...Roman...Empire..." Italy whispered.

"So you didn't forget... I'm glad..." he said, before turning away.

"Where are you going, Holy Rome?" Italy questioned. Said Nation looked back, meeting his eyes, and smiled.

"Come with me." he replied.

"~Ve, okay." Italy nodded. Running to catch up with him, but it seemed the faster he ran, the farther away the Holy Roman Empire got.

"Wait! I can't catch up!"

Tears welled up again, glassing over his eyes. Reaching up, he rubbed his face, to wipe them away. Looking back up, he once again chased after the figure up ahead, but now he wasn't paying attention to anything in particular, except catching up. Finally, somehow, he managed to reach him.

"Holy Rome, wait! I..." Italy reached up to his shoulder, before trailing off into silence, as the Holy Roman Empire turned around. Italy's eyes widened in shock. It wasn't Holy Roman Empire, though. It was Germany.

"What are you talking about?" Germany spoke with worry, noticing the tears in his eyes. Italy fell into his chest, crying. "Italy?"

"Germany...It's you..." he sobbed.

"Italy? Hey, what's wrong?!" Germany exclaimed.

Light showed through the windows, illuminating the room. Italy woke in a cold sweat, deep breaths racking his body. That's when he noticed Germany standing at his, beside, holding onto his hand. Italy couldn't help but also take note of the worried expression on his face. It seemed different than the typical stern expression he was used to. He looked troubled and like he hadn't slept in the past few days.

"G-Germany...? What's wrong? Why are you crying?" Germany slightly jumped at the Italians voice.

"Italy..." he looked down, tears present in the corners of his eyes, as he suddenly found himself at a loss of words, despite the fact that only a moment ago, there was so much he was ready to ask him. Now, looking at Italy's distressed expression, he couldn't bring himself to speak.

But then he realized he *had* to. He had to get an answer some way or another, even if it risked Italy hating him, because he was hurting. He couldn't just do nothing and stay quiet this time. He had to help him. He had to let him know how he felt.

"Is Itary-kun...awake?"

Italy and Germany looked over to meet the eyes of Japan, America, Spain, Romano, and Prussia.

"You guys... I..." Italy sat up, tears, yet again, forming in his eyes.

"Dude, you scared the crap out of us!" America exclaimed, glomping him. Spain studied the Italian with worry. He walked over, along with Romano, who looked down at his arm. America glanced up, stepping back. Italy looked away, knowing what they were thinking.

"Italy, I understand that you don't want to worry us, but by not ever talking about things, you're worrying everyone. You have friends, you know. We're here to shoulder the burden along with you. Otherwise, what are friends for?" Spain smiled softly.

"But you wouldn't understand." Spain slightly edged back, taken by surprise. "Germany would hate me, and, and...everyone would judge me... I would be all alone, and I don't want that."

"What are you talking about?" America asked. "Judge you for what?"

"Yeah, West could never hate someone as awesome as you, right, West?" Prussia smirked, nudging Germany, who sighed, momentarily closing his eyes.

"Ja."

"Itary-san, France-san told us about the Holy Roman Empire. Is that why you...?" Japan started to say.

Italy swallowed. "Germany is so much like him... I...I don't know what I've been thinking all this time, Germany is Germany, and the Holy Roman Empire is the Holy Roman Empire. But I... I broke my promise, and fell in love with *Germany*, despite how much I tried not to! It hurts... It hurts so bad, that I-"

At that point, he was cut off, as Germany couldn't take it any more. How could he have not seen it before Romano had brought it up. Italy meant so much to him, and he had been suffering all this time because of *him*. It was his fault that he'd been so oblivious. He should've payed closer attention, and then, maybe, he would've noticed something. Without thinking, he suddenly, pulled the small Italian into an embrace.

(jsyk, it's said that Germans sometimes have a very hard time understanding Italians and recognizing when they're in love. It's been a long time since I read about the subject, so I'm not fully certain why, though, but I think it has something to do with a cultural difference, which makes a lot of since. Anyway, back to the story.)

"Stop..." the German soothed, somewhat pleadingly. "Please..."

Prussia took the notion to ask everyone else to momentarily step out of the room. Spain, America, and Japan willingly complied, but Romano, refused to do so, until he could talk to his brother, but unfortunately for him, America and Spain reached in pulling him out of the room.

"Hey! Let go of me!" the abrasive Italian snapped to no avail. Prussia gave Germany one last look, before closing the door behind him.

"I'm so sorry Italy..." Italy looked up, surprised by the fact that Germany was crying. "This was all my fault..."

"What do you mean? Why are you blaming yourself, Germany?" Italy seemed confused.

"If I'd only payed closer attention. I probably could've seen that you were suffering... But I didn't... And you started...Ugh...I just feel so awful. I'm so sorry..."

After a moment, Italy smiled. "It's okay, Cap'n. I'd never hold that against you. And it wasn't your fault anyway."

Germany stepped back, as he looked down at him, slightly take by surprise when he realized Italy wasn't mad, or even upset, at him.

"It's okay that you don't feel the same way, because we're still friends." Italy forced a smile.

"No..." Germany closed his eyes, nodding. "We're not anymore..."

Italy's smile faded. He'd expected this, but had hoped that he was wrong, so it still hurt. He couldn't blame him though. After all, all this time, Germany had thought of him as a friend; nothing more. But here he was, saying he loved him and wanted more out of him, than what he, himself, wanted.

It shouldn't be about that; it should be about Germany. If he loved him, that is. Either way it was, he thoughts were cut off when Germany's surprisingly soft lips met his. At first he stiffened, but after a moment, he reached up, wrapping his arms around Germany's neck. He slowly relaxed, deepening the kiss, as tears ran down his cheeks.

Germany's lips might've been soft like the Holy Roman Empire's, but there *was* a difference, after *all*. His mouth tasted kind of like Potato...

As they broke the kiss, their eyes met.

"We're no longer friends, because..." Germany looked away, blushing. "Ich liebe dich..."

Italy then beamed. "Germany, I just realized something. If the Holy Roman Empire loved me, he would want me to be happy like Russia and America said, and he wouldn't be mad because I fell in love with someone else." he sat up, tightly hugging Germany. "I'm so happy that you feel the same way. I was so afraid that you would hate me, and not return my feelings, but I'm finally able to say it now. Ti amo, Germany... Ti amo... Ti amo..."

Germany seemed somewhat surprised by how emotional the Italian was getting, as it was a little *too* emotional, even for *him*. However, he smiled. At least he was being honest with himself, which was far more than what he'd been doing throughout the past few months. At least, it was *something.* At least...he knew he wasn't alone...

Italy pulled closer, smiling over Germany's shoulder*, as the German spoke. "Stop. I could never hate you."*

~ End of Chapter. ~

A/N: What did you think? Review.

We are Nakama

Story: ***Save Me, Chapter 18 (Final) - Watashi-tachi wa Nakama da***

Disclaimer: ***I don't own Hetalia.***

Romano was becoming to say the least, extremely irritated, the only reason hadn't done anything irrational was because of Spain's cursed influence. As annoying as it was to admit it, he just wanted to know his was okay. But, who was he to speak...? He was one of the few who had know Italy was suffering, yet he could do nothing to help him. Instead, it'd been left up to the German bastard to do so.

Damn, he sounded so pathetic, musing over the matter like some child, even though...It *was* true, wasn't it...?

"Mon cher, it's not you're fault, you know?" Romano was too distracted to notice the other nations come in, so it's no surprise that it scared the hell out of him when France spoke to him.

He jumped back. "What the hell, France?! Don't fucking startle me like that, dammit! When did you get here anyway?!"

"He's been here for a while now, but you were so out of it that you didn't even see them come in, Romano." Spain told him. Romano was about to say something, when Germany opened the door for them, Germany didn't seem to be that surprised. That everyone was there. But he took a short moment to take it in. Most everyone turned their attention to him.

"I apologize for taking so long." he said. "You can come in now."

Italy looked up to see everyone come in.

"Holy *Tomato*, Thank you!" 'cursed' Romano, thankful as hell that he didn't have to wait anymore. Italy looked up to see everyone come in.

"Guys, you all came..." he mused aloud.

"Well of course we came. It's only natural that we help our fellow brethren, no?" France smiled standing beside him.

"Yes, for once, France is right." England admitted, ignoring France's muttered demands, as to what that was suppose to mean. "We're all nations, and we're all allies to some degree. So no matter how matter how you want to put it, you're not alone."

"Hai," said Japan. Everyone now looked up. Most everyone who knew Japan had never thought him to have extreme emotions because of his supposedly emotionless face, but right now, it seemed like he was anything *but* emotionless, which, and that, quite frankly, took

most everyone by surprise. As Japan met Italy's gaze, Russia gave a smile of curiosity. They all wondered what Italy had to say.

"Itary-kun, I know I may seem indifferent sometimes, but the truth is I'm actually quite fond of you. You take me sightseeing a lot, and I always learn new things with you. Even though it may not seem like it, I've always considered you to be not only an ally, a very important a very important friend as well. So please," he paused momentarily, gently holding Italy's hand. "You're too great of a person to be hurting yourself like this. Please, trust us for once. *Watashi-tachi wa nakama da.*"

Japan gave a warm smile to Italy, who couldn't keep from crying. It was one of the only times he'd seen Asain smile. America then wrapped an arm over Japan's shoulder.

"That's right. You're an awesome dude. You've got friends, and you've got the hero as well." Pointing at himself, he grinned. "You're not alone. We're all here for you."

Yeah, Ita!" Prussia chimed. "West was in shambles when you started acting like that."

"Prussia, I was not in shambles!" Germany retorted, interrupting him, but the slight cracking in his voice and look of frustration on his face told otherwise.

"Well, more or less." Prussia smiled, waving it off, before once again meeting the Italian's eyes. "Anyway. What I'm saying is he cares for you, just we all do, and we think you're an awesome person, so don't so let anyone convince you otherwise, cause I'll have to kick their ass if they do."

"For once, you should listen to Prussia." Everyone looked up to see Hungary and Austria coming in the door.

"Miss Hungary, and Mr. Austria, I..." Italy spoke, unsure of what to say.

Hungary smiled sadly, as she approached him, holding his other hand. "Look around you, Italy. You have so many people who care. think of all the people you're hurting, by doing that to yourself."

A moment of silence, passed by as Italy gazed away.

"Aside from what Hungary said. I don't approve of someone trying to do everything on their own, when they have friends who are willing to shoulder the burden with them. If it isn't for that, then what are friends there for?"

"Um..." everyone looked over at Romano, who blushed a little. He awkwardly scratched his arm, averting his gaze. "Veneziano, I know I may seem like an asshole to you sometimes, but the truth is I don't know what I'd do if something were to happen to you. Grazie for being there, and putting up with me for so long."

He grew quieter, his face growing even redder. "*T-ti voglio bene, mio fratello...*"

(sorry that was quite out of char of Romano. at least I think. XP)

"Si, everyone is here for you, Italy." Spain smiled, speaking up. "We all care about you."

"Da." Russia smiled. "Spain is right, We are friends, isn't that right everybody?"

Everyone nodded.

"Shi," said China. "You are a good person Italy. Prosper and become strong, aru. But you should always that we're friends. Italy looked around the room, at each and every nation around him, tears freely streaming down his cheeks. "You guys... Thank you so much... I just..."

"What's wrong?" questioned France, with worry, as Italy reached up a hand covering his face.

"I'm just..." Italy looked back up smiling. "I'm just...so happy..."

France then smiled. "Honhonhonhonhon, oh I see..."

Italy was then pulled into a warm embrace by the Frenchman. "Feeling better, no?"

"Si. Grazie, everyone."

'Everyone's here for me. All of my friends, and allies...Romano, Big Brother France, Big Brother Spain, and even the Holy Roman Empire and Granddaddy Rome are watching over me. I'm not alone. Why didn't I rely on them sooner? What are friends and family there for?'

"Um, guys I hate to spoil the moment, but... Aren't we forgetting someone...?" England wondered.

"Da, I believe so too..." Russia smiled innocently. Underneath him now lay poor Canada, who had once again been forgotten. He meekly averted his gaze, *'How Ironic... I'm right here... and I'm Canada...'*

~ End of Story

A/N: What did you think? I had a lot of fun writing this, guys. Some people said the original ending was a bit rushed (Thanks for the advice, btw), and I personally agree, so I decided to add some more to the end.

Ti voglio bene, mio fratello - *I love you, my brother. (Italian)*

Grazie - *Thank you. (Italian)*

Nakama - *Comrade (Japanese)*

Watashi-tachi wa nakama da - *We are friends/ We are comrades. (Japanese)*

Honhonhonhonhon - *Naturally, this is just France being France. (A.K.A., his perverted laugh...thingy... XD*

gracias, grazie, domo arigatou gozaimasu, merci, danke, and thank you !~

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!